

## Doubt (N. Kubolnik)

(arr. voor mezzosopraan, contrabas and piano)

Passions, torments, be silent!  
And thou, my heart, rest in peace!  
I weep, I groan,  
My indolent soul far from thee is consumed,  
I suffer and am in torment,  
But my tears suffice not to express my sorrow.

In vain does hope  
Foretell happiness for me.  
No, I wish not to believe  
In these perfidious promises.  
Separated hearts soon love no more.

As if in a heartless, baleful dream  
I believe I have a more fortunate rival,  
My jealous and cruel heart  
Boils and burns!  
My cruel hand  
Seeks a weapon.

In vain did my love  
Foretell her treachery.  
No, I wish not to believe  
In this perfidious insult.  
You are mine again, I live once more.

Sorrows fade away,  
Once more we will embrace,  
My heart will be born again,  
More fervent than yesterday  
And our lips will be joined,  
Ever more ardent

## Ned Rorem

Cyclus van twee liederen voor mezzosopraan, contrabas en piano op sonnetten van William Shakespeare. (gecomponeerd in opdracht van het Eduard van Beinum Fonds en opgedragen aan Christianne en Rick Stotijn en Joseph Breinl).

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!  
What old December's bareness everywhere!  
And yet this time removed was summer's time;  
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:  
Yet this abundant issue seemed to me  
But hope of orphans, and unfathered fruit

For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
And, thou away, the very birds are mute:  
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,  
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near  
*(sonnet 97)*

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud pied April, dressed in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,  
That heavy Saturn laughed and leapt with him.  
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:  
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;  
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.  
Yet seemed it winter still, and you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did play.  
*(sonnet nr. 98)*

## Michel van der Aa

Teksten: Carol Ann Duffy

### Miles Away

I want you and you are not here. I pause  
in this garden, breathing the colour thought is  
before language into still air. Even your name  
is a pale ghost and, though I exhale it again  
and again, it will not stay with me. Tonight  
I make you up, imagine you, your movements clearer  
than the words I have you say you said before.

Wherever you are now, inside my head you fix me  
with a look, standing here whilst cool late light  
dissolves into the earth. I have got your mouth wrong,  
but it still smiles. I hold you closer, miles away,  
inventing love, until the calls of nightjars  
interrupt and turn what was to come, was certain,  
into memory. The stars are filming us for no one.

### And How Are We Today?

The little people in the radio are picking on me  
again. It is sunny, but they are going to make it  
rain. I do not like their voices, they have voices  
like cold tea with skin on. I go O O O.  
The flowers are plastic. There is all dust  
on the petals. I go Ugh. Real flowers die,  
but at least they are a comfort to us all.  
I know them by name, listen. Rose. Tulip. Lily.  
I live inside someone else's head. He hears me  
with his stethoscope, so it is no use  
sneaking home at five o'clock to his nice house  
because I am in his ear going Breathe Breathe.  
I might take my eye out and swallow it  
to bring some attention to myself. Winston did.  
His name was in the paper. For the time being  
I make noises to annoy them and then I go  
BASTARDS.